

THE IREDELL EXPRESS,
PUBLISHED WEEKLY.
E. B. DRAKE, BY W. P. DRAKE.
EUGENE B. DRAKE & SON,
Editors and Proprietors.
TERMS OF THE PAPER,
\$2 a Year, in Advance.

BUSINESS CARDS.

WM. S. PATE,
DENTIST.
HAS taken Rooms in the Simonton House
where, he will be pleased to wait on all who
desire his services.
m16:15t

DR. H. KELLY
Offers his professional services to the public.
Office on College Avenue, opposite the
Methodist Church, Statesville, N. C.

DR. T. J. WITHERSPOON.
HAVING located myself in the Town of
Statesville, I offer my Professional Ser-
vices to the surrounding public.
T. J. WITHERSPOON, M. D.
January 27, '90 m16:15t

HAYNE DAVIS,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
STATESVILLE, N. C.
Will promptly and diligently attend to all
business entrusted to his care.
Office opposite the Jail. Oct. 22, '88.

WM. C. LORD,
Attorney at Law,
Salisbury, N. C.
WILL Practice and make prompt col-
lections in Rowan, Stanly, Iredell and Cata-
wba Counties. Office in the corner of Cow-
man's Building opposite the Book Store.
June 22, '90.

W. H. WYATT,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
DEALER IN
Drugs, Medicines,
Paints, Oils, Dye Stuffs, Brushes,
Window Glass, Varnish,
&c., &c., &c.
SALISBURY, N. C.
Jan. 1, 1890-74t

JAS. W. DRAKE,
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
No. 13 ST. LOUIS STREET,
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Jan. 21, 1890-74t

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MAKER,
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American Fashions. 33:60:1y

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LADIES FINE SHOES,
BOOTS & GAITERS,
THOMASVILLE, N. C.
Which he sells at Wholesale
Orders for Shoes by the quantity promptly
attended to. m16:60:15t

F. SCARR,
Druggist & Apothecary
CHARLOTTE, N. C.
DRUGS, CHEMICALS, OILS,
WINDOW GLASS, &c.,
AT WHOLESALE.
See advertisement in another place.
August 10, 1890. 1y

HENDERSON & ENNIS,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
DRUGS
MEDICINES,
And Chemicals,
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dow Glass, Putty, Dye Stuffs, &c.,
Essence, Lamp, and Machinery Oil, Kerosene
Oil and Burning Fluids, Lamps of every
description, Refractory and Toilet
Articles.
GARDEN SEEDS,
CLOVER AND GRASS SEEDS,
PURE WINES AND LIQUORS, for
Medicinal Purposes,
FINE SEEDS, TOBACCO, &c., &c.,
SALISBURY, N. C.
74t

CARRIAGE MAKING.
J. W. WOODWARD.
Is still at his Old Stand, on Broad street, a
few doors East of the Public Square,
where he is prepared
To Do All Kinds of Work
formerly done at the Establishment.
All Repairing done on short notice, and in
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Feb. 27. 134t

FIRE INSURANCE.
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CHARLOTTE
MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY
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Will receive and forward Applications for
Insurance against Loss and
Damage by Fire, on the principles
of the Company.
The Company is doing a prosperous business.
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stalment on a premium note.
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Agent.
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Tales, Sketches, Lines for Albums, Obitu-
aries, poems on every subject, and Letters.
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WILLIE WARE,
Aug. 31, 1890, 394t, Brooklyn, N. Y.

BLANKS FOR SALE HERE.

THE IREDELL EXPRESS.

A Family Newspaper—Devoted to Politics, Agriculture, Manufactures, Commerce, and Miscellaneous Reading.

Vol. III.

Statesville, N. C., Friday, October 19, 1890.

No. 46.

Poetry.

For the Iredell Express.

A Dream of the Stars.

I dreamed the lamps of heaven's dome bright
Upon a slumbering world at night,
When a scorch from the heavenly land
Laid on my heart his benediction hand.
He breathed perfume from that land afar,
He made me sure from star to star,
And lent the wings of radiance bright,
Bestowing strength for the airy flight.
I soared aloft to a starry sphere
And oh! the wondrous beings there;
Bright, shrouded ones mid sunny bowers
Where naught would grow but thornless flowers.
As dawned the youth was fair
Fairer than the morning sun was there,
They sweetly sang of Heaven above
And walked in innocence and love.
They never had felt sin's deadly light—
No sorrow dimmed their joyous flight—
They knew no death, nor heard his name,
And sweet babes played with the lion's mane.
No spears trail had e'er crossed the ground—
No thorn nor brier grew around—
The crystallizing waters flow
Where amaranthine flowers blow.
The maid and lover plighted vows,
Beneath the waving myrtle boughs;
Of broken vows they never had dreamed,
Their star of love had never been dimmed.
When midnight struck their golden eyes,
Such music made the magic wiles;
With beauty, like the gentle lamb, stood mute,
There none surpassed Apollo's lute.
I left this benighted sphere of light,
And through vast space I winged my flight,
Millions of stars were in my hand,
And each one held a world in its command.
And each that filled my soul with awe—
Nor heard a single word of woe—
Nor saw one bitter tear to flow—
Stars of innocence gleamed the sky,
While those, her banners, waved on high.
Then said to me the shining one
Who dwelt in splendor on the sun—
"Had you heeded God's holy will
Your earth had been an Eden still."
E. B. DRAKE, N. C., Sept. LIZZIE.

For the Iredell Express.

Acrostic.

Veiled mid the secrets of my heart's deep cells,
Is one sweet thought, which thine favor dwells;
Chained by the after bonds of love and loss,
I'll never from my spirit's chamber loose.
O if such an emotion could be thine;
Recapturing these dear thoughts of mine,
I'd feel all else, to thee of little worth,
And find in thy sweet smile, a home on earth.
JOSEPHINE, Sept. 21, 1890. SETH SUTTON.

Miscellaneous.

Kissing the Wrong Person.

The other day, a crowded train, stopping at a station near Lorain, Illinois, (we believe,) a handsomely dressed and deliciously pretty young lady sprang from the platform to the deck of one of the cars, and casting her glance, like an evanescent sunbeam down the double row of passengers in the vehicle, suddenly fixed it, with an exclamation of delight upon a good looking but rather shamed-faced young man, who sat beside a handsome girl apparently his bride, near the middle of the car. No sooner had he blushed beneath the affectionate gaze of the gushing young creature aforesaid than she sprang to his side and half choked him in the embrace of her delicate arms, exclaiming, as she imprinted a warm kiss on his slightly feathered lips: "Why Fred, how do you do? And this is the dear little wife, you wrote to us about?" The dear little wife, seemed to think this was coming it rather strong, and the way her eyes flashed was a caution to thunderclouds. As for "Fred," he probably underwent more agony than ever before, mocked the possible bliss of man encircled by pretty arms. The kissing lady was to be put off by the coolness of reception, however, but again kissed the imprisoned bridegroom, as she hurriedly asked, "But why don't you get off the train? Don't you know you've got home! The expression of wild despair that overspread the young man's face at this climax, and the condensed fury of his bridal partner's glance at the early head of her unexpected rival, were too much for the passengers. Everybody saw that there was some mistake, and a laugh "went up from the assemblage" that made car-windows and doors leap in their sockets. For the first time the pretty young discoverer of Fred seemed to notice that she was attracting attention and, from a look of startled bewilderment, she suddenly burst into an April shower of tears dropping her nose upon the agonized traveler's bosom pin, and sobbing out:
"O, Fred, what does all this mean? Have you really forgotten me?"
This was piling on the agony with unmitigated steepness and an "impending crisis," was distinctly visible to the naked eye. The bride commenced drawing off one glove, the "local" of the Lorain News, who was on board, frantically tore his notebook from his pocket, and had already written "Mysterious Affair, in a heading, when the terrified young man managed to stammer, "Re—really, madam, you are mistaken in the person. My name isn't 'Fred' and I live in Chicago."
The effect of this overwhelming announcement may be easily imagined. Everybody saw the "point" at once. The young lady hastily raised her head from the young man's shoulder, and as she more closely scrutinized the features of her relative, a beautiful smile broke through her tears, like a beam of sunset blushing in the misty veil of a yielding storm! Shaking back her curls, she then said, "Why

I do believe I have made a mistake. Ah then—the laugh came in. The "mystery," was soon explained, the affectionate girl was expecting her "brother Fred" home from California by that train and the victimized youth's resemblance to her auriferous relative led to the mistake.

Though somewhat disappointed, of course, the young lady took the matter gayly, and went laughingly from the car, amid the irrepressible applause of all parties. The anguished bride, too, drew back the lower edges of her glove—and as the cars moved off, she was seen to smile upon the abashed youth whom she had selected to buy bonnets and thingumies for her

How to Keep Men at Home.

There would be fewer wretched marriages, fewer dissipated, degraded men, if women were taught to feel the angel duty, which devolves upon them, to keep the wandering steps of those who are tempted so much more than they, in the paths of virtue and peace—to make them feel that in the busy world is noise and confusion—that at home there is order and repose—that their "eyes look brighter" when they come there—that the smile of welcome is ever ready to meet them, the book ever ready to be laid aside to minister to the husband's pleasure; they would find amusement then at home, and not try to seek it elsewhere. And not alone to the higher classes of society should this be taught; it should be a lesson instilled into the minds of all, high or low, rich or poor. Fewer heart broken wives, weeping and scolding, would stand waiting at the door of public houses to lead the unsteady step of their drunken husbands home, if that home had offered a room as cheerful, a fire as bright, a welcome as ready and cordial as at the tap-room they frequent. Duty has so seldom so strong a hold on men as women; they cannot, will not, for duty's sake, remain in a dull, tedious, ill-managed, quarrelsome house, but leave it to seek elsewhere the amusement which fails them there; and when riot and revelry have done their work, the wives and sisters who have done so little to make them otherwise, are pitted for their bad husbands and brothers.

The Qualified Housewife.

Many parents expect their daughters to marry and thus be provided for; the daughters themselves expect it. But it may be well for both parent and child to consider the chances against the provision. Marriage may come, and a life of pecuniary adversity, or a widowhood of penury may follow; or marriage may not come at all. As civilization (so called) goes on, multiplying wants, converting luxuries into necessities, the number of single women fearfully increases, and in its greatest proportion where there is most refinement, whereby women are least qualified to take care of themselves.

In the simple lives of our ancestors, men were not deterred from marriage by the difficulty of meeting the expenses of their families. Their wives were helpmates. If they could not earn bread, they could make it. If they could not comprehend the "rights of women," they practiced her duties. If they did not study political economy and algebra, they knew the calculation by which the "penny saved is the penny gained." Instead of waiting to be served by costly and wasteful servants, they looked well to the ways of her household, and ate not the bread of idleness. The puritan wife did not ask her husband to be decked in French gauds, but was truly

"The gentle wife that decks his board,
And makes the day to have no night."
In giving the reasons that restrain men from marrying at the present day, and thereby diminish the chances of this absolute provision for women, we beg not to be misunderstood. We would not restrict women to the humble offices of material existence. The best instructed and most thoroughly accomplished women we have ever known, have best understood and practiced the saving arts of domestic life.

If parents, from pride, or prejudice, or honest judgment, refuse to provide their daughters with a profession or trade, by which their independence may be secured; if they persist in throwing them on chance; if daughters will themselves persevere in trusting to this "neck-or-nothing" fate, then let them be qualified in that art and craft in the which their grandmothers excelled, and which is now, more than at any preceding time, the necessary and bounden duty of every American wife, whatever be her condition.

Never by women in any civilization was this art so much needed, for never, we believe, were there such obstructions to prosperity and comfort as exist in our domestic service. And how are the young women of the luxurious classes prepared to meet them? How are the women of the middle classes fitted to overcome them? And how are the poorer class trained to rejoice in their exemption from them?

If a parent look forward to provision by marriage for his daughter, he should at least qualify her for that condition, and be ashamed to give her to her husband unless she is able to manage her house, to educate her children, to nurse her sick, and to train

her servants—the inevitable destiny of American house-wives. If she can do all this well, she is a productive partner, and, as Madam Bodichon says, does as much for the support of her household as her husband.

It may, or may not be the duty of a mother to educate her children in a technical sense. But if her husband is straining every nerve to support his family, it would be both relief and help if she could save him the immense expense of our first-rate schools, or the cost of a governess. If she is skilled in the art of nursing, she may stave off the fearful bill of the physician.

If she knew the cost and necessary consumption of provision, the keeping of accounts and, in short, the whole art and mystery of domestic economy, she will not only preserve her husband from an immense amount of harassing care, but secure to him the safety, blessing and honor of living within his means.

If she be a qualified housewife, the great burden, perplexity, and misery of house-keeping, from the rising to the setting sun, from our Canadian frontier to far south of Mason and Dixon's Line, will be—we will not say overcome—but most certainly greatly diminished.

Brutalities of the Turks at Damascus.

A correspondent of the London Daily News, writing from Beyrout, August 8th, gives an appalling account of the atrocities perpetrated by the Mahometans upon the Christian population of Damascus. He says:

Within the last few days thousands of the poor women and girls of Damascus have been arriving at Beyrout in a state of utter destitution. The accounts they give of their sufferings is most heart-rending. They declare that when the ferocious Mussulmen broke into the Christian quarters, they burst into the houses, and shot and cut down every man they met, and then, seizing the women, put them to discoverable tortures, to make them disclose some imagined hiding place into which they were supposed to put their jewels; that in their thirst for plunder they would seize young girls, and not having patience to allow them to take off their bracelets, would chop off their hands at the wrist, so as at once to enable the bracelets to slip off.

They would seize them around the waist, or by the hair, and dragging them out into the outer yard, hand them over to the Kurds, or Druses, or Arabs, who, mounting them beside them on horseback, rode off with them into the country, and there practiced all sorts of enormities on them. Boys were seized and abused in the most shameful manner. The houses were then set fire to, and such females as were left in them perished in the flames, or, springing from terrace to terrace, and from roof to roof, fell down, and had their limbs dislocated or broken. The screams of the women were distinctly heard three miles off. These details are given by a Mahometan Effendi in a letter to our Consul General.

The Christian quarter is now a vast charnel house. The stench that rises up from the burnt and putrifying bodies is intolerable. Hundreds of dogs have taken possession of it, and stare with a wild and frenzied look at whoever approaches to disturb them in their horrid feast, while the want of water is driving many of them mad.

All the fugitives declare with one accord, that had it not been for Abd-el-Kader, not a male Christian would have escaped. The exertions made by this illustrious man to save the Christians are incredible. While the Government soldiers, both regular and irregular, were either leaving the Christians to their fate, or joining in the massacre, Abd-el-Kader rallied round him some scores of his devoted followers, the remnants of his old guard and hurried off in person to the scene of murder. Not content with rescuing those he encountered in the streets, he entered into the houses, and tore the victims from beneath the very arms of their assassins. These latter many times presented their muskets at his breast, and threatened to shoot him, but undismayed the hero would tear open his vest, uncover his breast, and exclaim, "Shoot me; shoot me; I prefer death to witnessing such enormities;" and the ruffians fell back, abashed before the noble and undaunted countenance of one whom even they remembered was the far-famed champion of Islam. At one time he threatened to lead on his 4000 Algerians against both the people and the troops.

Whether Abd-el-Kader rescued one Christian, or groups of them, he immediately forwarded them under a guard, either to his own house, or to the British Consulate, or to the Castle. In this age of testimonials, is there a man on earth who deserves a testimony more than he? He has actually sent the jewels of his family to Beyrout to be sold in order to raise funds to support the hundreds of poor Christians who are still in his house. Upwards of ten thousand women and girls at least were huddled together in the Castle, with nothing but the ground to lie upon, and famishing with hunger. But alas! what was the fate that awaited them there? Why, in the darkness of the night the officers and sol-

diers of the Turkish regiment stationed in it fell upon them, and, singling out girls at leisure, according to their taste and fancy, outraged and violated them. This scene of violence and lust was something appalling. The gates of the Castle were purposely left open by the commanding Turkish officer, to enable the Mussulmen to come in and select the objects of their vile desires. Under pretence of taking them away to take care of them and give them shelter, young maidens were torn from their mothers' arms and hurried away. No tears nor entreaties availed; the Turkish soldiers forced them to deliver themselves up to their ravagers and spoilers. Scores have been taken away into the interior, where they are being sold for a mere trifle, or handed over from one ruffian to another.

The boys and lads who were allowed to live, have all been circumcised, and then put to death, being told tauntingly they were lucky to die with the mark of the faith. Finally, a diabolical attempt was made to kill all the Christians in the Castle by issuing to them poisoned bread, and 28 died in consequence. A few days after the massacre of Damascus had been completed, the Mussulmen living in the valley Cella Syria, or the district of the Bekaa and Balbec, rose on the Christian population, and commenced the work of butchery. They were incited and absolutely headed in the bloody work by the Turkish irregular troops. Everywhere the same story—the ferocious assassins, the sanguinary and remorseless exterminators of the Christians are the Ottoman Turks; these bloody-thirsty Turks, whose empire England has been so anxious to uphold, and in whose behalf she sent forth her noblest sons to perish on the desolate plains of the Crimea. The universal cry of the Christians is "Save us from the Turks." They say they will leave the land to a man, and brave every species of hardship rather than sit down again under their treacherous and heartless rule.

In a few hours the terrible and luxurious plains of Balbec were darkened by volumes of smoke ascending from its burning villages. The Catholic bishop reports that twenty-three churches have been totally destroyed. The crosses were broken into pieces, and thrown into the most disgusting places. Again the frightful scene of Damascus was renewed—women and girls seized and violated, the men shot down without mercy, or escaping as well as they could in terror and dismay to the mountain sides, either of the Lebanon or Anti-Lebanon. While clambering up to some place of security as well as they could, bands of women and children, worn out and exhausted by fatigue, would at times sit down for a short repose, but the cry, "The Turks, the Turks," would make them start to their feet, and give them a momentary strength to push on, like the French in the retreat from Moscow, when the cry arose of "The Russians, the Russians." Hundreds more widows and orphans are thus added to the terrible list of sufferers, of whom there must be more than 100,000 souls now craving the mere bread of life. In Beyrout alone are 7000 widows and 14,000 orphans; but the mountains are full of them. Twelve thousand of them are expected to arrive shortly, under escort, from Damascus.

[From the London Times Correspondence.]

Garibaldi Enters Naples.

GARIBALDI'S ARRIVAL—GARIBALDI CAME IN FROM SALERNO BY RAIL.

At the railway the National Guard were stationed at all the entrances, and flags were coming down in rapid succession, for the arrival of the Dictator was sudden, like everything he does, and the people were unprepared. The waiting-rooms inside were full of the most eminent characters of Naples, at least among the liberals. There were all the members of the Comitato which has issued its mysterious commands for so many months; Azala, the new commander of the National Guard; Leopardi, the historian; a great many of our countrymen, Lord Llanover among the number; a few, but very few ladies, as still there was an impression that a row might take place. At last twelve o'clock strikes, and a bell sounds, and from a distance a signal is made that Garibaldi is approaching. "Viva Garibaldi!" rises from a thousand voices, and the train stops; a few red jackets get out, and they are seized, hugged, and kissed with that most unmerciful violence which characterizes Italian ardor. There was one poor elderly man who by virtue of his white beard was taken for Garibaldi, and he was slobbered so that I thought he must have sunk under the operation; but the great man had gone round by another door, and so there was a rush in all directions to intercept him. We drove round by a side street to the front of the Carmine, and thus by a knowing dodge we came in front of the Dictator. There is no mistaking that face; there is the grandeur and the openness of Nature's nobleness expressed, and it does not say one thing while plotting another; it is marked by a loyalty which in vain might be sought in that of many of the so-called great ones of the earth. I was much struck with his calm self-possession, and

and the extreme sweetness of his smile. He was not in the carriage of the French Minister, though I believe it had been placed at his disposal, but in one hired for the occasion. Followed and accompanied by three lines of carriages he went along the Marinella, through the Basso Porto, surrounded by thousands, and deafened by their greetings, up the Lago Castello, and so on by San Carlo and the Palace of the King, which royalty left only a few hours before, and entered the palace of reception for foreign princes.

AN EXCITING SCENE.

The crowd waved backwards and forwards, and looked up to the windows and shouted for the appearance of Garibaldi. First came one red coat, then another, and at last the hero. What a cry of "Viva!" there arose from the vast mass below! When last that balcony was occupied by a distinguished personage it was by the Great Duke of Tuscany, but in answer to no calls, for there were only a few of those idlers who always hang about the palaces of princes. It was impossible to make himself heard amid the noise and confusion, and so Garibaldi leaned over the iron railing and gazed intently on the crowd. A wave of the hand at last asked for silence, but in vain. "Zitti, Zitti!" rose from all sides, and there was a perfect silence. "Neapolitans," said a voice as clear as a bell, and with an enunciation so distinct that nothing could fail to reach the ear:—

This is a solemn, holy and memorable day. This day, from being subjects under the yoke of tyranny, you have become a free people. I thank you in the name of the whole of Italy. You have performed a great work, not only for Italy, but for all humanity, whose rights you have vindicated. "Hurrah for liberty!" so much desired to Italy, inasmuch as she has suffered so much more than other nations.—"Long live Italy!"

The cry was taken up by the thousands assembled, and "Viva Italia!" might have been heard from one end of the city to the other. On entering the palace, and the room which Garibaldi was received, I saw him giving audience to a deputation of Venetians. "We are all ready and organized, General, and anxious to begin." "You cannot be more anxious than I am," was the reply, and then he left the room to repose and take some refreshment.

AN INTERVIEW WITH GARIBALDI.

The following is an extract from a letter from Mr. Edwin James to a friend:—

SALERNO, Sept. 6-9 A. M.

Under the gray twilight of a September morning we steamed out of the harbor of Naples in search of Garibaldi. Count Cavour had kindly placed at our disposal a Sardinian Corvette, the Audition (so named from the place where one of their great battles had been gained), and at half past eight o'clock we had entered the beautiful bay of Salerno. A sultry sun had struggled through the thick sea mist, and poured its fiercest rays upon the long row of stately white houses which form the great strata of Salerno. From the deck of the corvette we soon observed that great excitement prevailed in the town; the shore was thronged with people; the whole population, about 20,000, was astir. As we approached we could observe that bayonets glistened in the sun, and the echoes of loud "vivas" reached us. What did it all mean? As we steamed slowly towards the shore, the large crowd moved to the point where we prepared to land, and anxiously watched the debarkation of our party—the Hon. Evelyn Ashley, Captain Godman, Fifth Dragoon Guards; Mr. Adam Smith and myself.

From the windows of the Intendenza, the mansion house of Salerno, waved all sorts of flags, pieces of red cloth, the tricolor, the Sardinian and the Neapolitan colors, and handkerchiefs of every hue. Every window was thronged; the dark eyes of the South Italian beauty flashed from every casement, and fair hands waved their fans most excitedly.

But who had arrived? Was Garibaldi here? Had the man whose name is now on every lip reached Salerno? Was he within an hour by the railway of the doomed city? Where was his army? Where the 17,000 Bavarian troops who were in the town yesterday, and had been sent from Naples to make the last stand for its effete and impotent monarch? On I went at once to the Intendenza. I sent in my card, and found that the gallant Colonel Peard, "Garibaldi's Englishman," was installed in the gaudy rooms of the old mansion, and one or two of Garibaldi's staff. He had entered the town alone, and in the name of the General had taken possession of it. The Bavarian troops, who the day previously were stationed in this town, and who guarded the beautiful pass which terminates the railway, were not to be seen, and four unarmed men had captured a considerable city. From Colonel Peard, with whom I had an interview, I learned that the General was expected at Eboli—a village about sixteen miles distant—and I at once proceeded there. Along the road we met many hundreds of the Neapolitan troops who had laid down their arms near Monte-

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leone, wending their way home—wretched looking creatures, footsore and dispirited, and many lying in the edges of the vineyards half famished and almost dead. At the entrance of Eboli, on the descent of the pass of the mountain upon the side of which the village rests, we saw four old picturesque carriages driving in hot haste into the narrow streets of the village, and one of the General's staff—an American—to whom I had given a seat in the carriage, espied the General, and I shouted, "Viva Garibaldi!" We followed to the Intendenza, and in a little bedroom, crowded with his staff and the local authorities, I had my first interview with the disinterested and brave liberator of Italy, in his red shirt, in a dirty pair of jean trousers and worn out boots. Combining his long, thin hair at the glass, stood the greatest patriot since Washington. Mr. Ashley and I were announced. He remained in the same attitude for a few minutes, but was evidently thoughtful. He shook us most cordially by the hand, asked most anxiously the state of Naples, and whether the King had left at the time of our departure, and whether troops were placed between Eboli and Salerno; but his greatest anxiety was to know the feeling of the English people on the great mission he has to carry out. He spoke in the highest terms of the impartial and kind conduct of our Admiral at Naples, and requested us to see him again in the evening at Salerno, to which place, after changing horses, he was hastening. He stated that his determination was to take Naples at the earliest moment, and that he desired to do so without its costing a life, if possible. All was bustle and excitement. The National Guard, aware of his approach, mustered in large numbers; their unmustered band were making their utmost noise. Deputations of priests and Franciscan monks were crowding into his presence. Women and children were throwing flowers into the room, in the corner of which he sat, in a rickety old chair, unmoved and tranquil. There is a simple grandeur about his demeanor which is very striking, very cool and collected, but when he spoke of the subject of French policy his eye lighted up instantly, and in short epigrammatic sentences he spoke of the sympathies of the French people with his cause; but in terms which I need not repeat of the policy of the Emperor.

Mounting our mules we started back to Salerno, and on our journey met one of his regiments on their march to Salerno. The General had retained the bands of two of the regiments which had laid down their arms at Monteleone, and nothing could be more ridiculous than the appearance presented by his tattered troops headed by the smart band of the army of the King.

We shared some wines we had on the mountain side with the officers and men, and drank the health of our Queen, the friend of Italy, and success to Garibaldi, under the shade of a large vineyard. On entering the town (Salerno) we found it brilliantly illuminated, and up to the very top of the mountain every cottage had its little lanterns peeping forth like glimmering stars "in the blue canopy of heaven." Thousands had collected, bands played, and when the General appeared by torchlight at the window of the Hotel de Ville the enthusiasm of the people knew no bounds, and in to midnight was this scene protracted. The crowds seemed drunk with the idea of liberty, and with the hope of casting off their despotism which had crowded the horrible prisons with untired victims, and this night the General will sleep with his small staff within an hour's distance of Naples. He has not met a soldier of the King, nor has one life been the sacrifice.—What a revolution! A dynasty overthrown by the mighty influence of opinion—a kingdom so corrupt and so degraded that a hired soldiery, employed to suppress the constitutional liberty of the people, refuses in the hour of need to protect even the person of the King! What a lesson to monarchs!

GARIBALDI'S PROCLAMATION.

TO THE BELOVED POPULATION OF NAPLES, THE TRUE DAUGHTER OF THE PEOPLE.

It is with true respect and love that I present myself to this noble and imposing centre of the Italian population, which many centuries of despotism have not been able to humiliate or to induce to bow their knees at the sight of tyranny.

The first necessity of Italy was harmony, in order to unite the great Italian family. To-day Providence has created harmony through the sublime unanimity of all our provinces for the reconstitution of the nation. And for unity the same Providence has given to our country Victor Emanuel, whom we, from this moment, may call the father of our Italian land.

Victor Emanuel, the model of all sovereigns, will impress upon his descendants the duty that they owe to the prosperity of a people which has elevated him for their chief with enthusiastic devotion.

The Italian clergy, who are conscious of their true mission, have, as a guarantee of the respect with which they will be treated, the ardor, the pa-

trictism, and the truly christian conduct of their numerous fellow-priests, who, from the highly to-be-praised monks of Laguardia to the noble hearted priests of the Neapolitan continent have, one and all, in the sight and at the head of our soldiers, defied the gravest dangers of battle.

I repeat it—concord is the first want of Italy. So, we will welcome as brothers those who once disagreed with us, but who now sincerely wish to bring their stone to raise up the edifice of our country.

Finally, respecting other people's houses, we are resolved to be masters in our own, whether the powerful of the earth like it or not.

GIUSEPPE GARIBOLDI.
SALERNO, Sept. 7, 1860.

Speech of Hon. J. J. Crittenden.

The New York Times publishes a report of a speech made by Mr. Crittenden, at Independence, Hinton county, Kentucky, on the 13th inst., on the occasion of a Union barbecue. We extract a few of the most important points of his speech:

Now I wish to say a word upon Territorial slavery. All this fiery animosity and fiery contest between the different branches of the Democratic party grows out of this question: Whether, if we had a Territory where there was slavery, and where there was an opposition to that slavery, whether the Congress should interfere by its laws and settle the question by protecting that property, or whether it should be left to the wishes of the people of the Territory to do as they will with the institution? That is the question.

Look at the condition of our country and see if these gentlemen are not quarreling about a mere abstraction—a thing of air—beating the air, and yet turning the country almost upside down about it. The question as to slavery in Kansas everybody thinks is settled. As to Nebraska, with its frosty, cold regions, nobody wants to go there that can get a living elsewhere. That is conceded. Across the Rocky mountains does any body want to carry slaves? That is conceded free. These are our Territories. Where is there a Territory to which a man would carry his slaves if he were invited to do it? In the great basin just this side of the Rocky Mountains—a vast plain without a tree—uninhabitable almost to extent? Does any one want to go there with his slaves? No. There is not in my judgment, one single spot of any considerable extent in any Territory of the United States where any man would desire to carry his slaves, and yet the whole contest is as to what is to be done when the people carry their slaves where they don't want to carry them. For this Mr. Douglas says, "I want to carry out what was proposed—as I understood it, at the repeal of the Missouri Compromise—that is, to put the question out of Congress, and leave it to the Territory, and then let the people quarrel it out. It is better that a partial evil should take place there than that a general quarrel should exist in the Union. Are we, the people of the United States of America, to be put at the tail of these little people, and to suffer the agitation of their petty contest shall bring up? That seems like reversal.

The whole question between the branches of the Democratic party, is as to slavery in the Territories. Has there any such mischief been done yet—there any cause requiring interposition? No! Why, the United States Senate, upon the direct question, said no—there is no present evil that requires remedy, but it may come. Another flood may come, [laughter,] or if not, then there may come other destruction of the earth by fire. Is it worth our while to provide against it?

Now, to speak seriously, they say there is nothing to require interposition. The Senate says there is not, and voted the idea down—only three voting in its favor; all the rest of the Senate saying there is no occasion yet for laws, but we must reserve the right—the case may arise in respect to some Territory. What Territory?—Where is it? Not a soul can tell; and yet, upon this contingency, that we may have a Territory into which some man may possibly want to carry slaves, there arises a great dispute. As remote as that—and we are quarreling about it to-day; a thing that may happen in twenty years—a thing which I don't believe can happen in the present state of the Union.

That is the great subject upon which the Democratic party is broken up, and we are now here trying to save the country by inaugurating a party upon the Constitution and the Union.

I have occupied your time longer than I intended to. I told you I came here to denounce no party. I wished to speak with decorum, to offend no one of my audience. They have done me the honor of listening to me, and it was my duty to speak to them in kindness and with care. I appeal to you not as party men—I appeal to you as my countrymen. There is, as you know a party in the South—a powerful and dangerous party—that, since the days of Gen. Jackson, have been seeking to carry into practical effect the doctrine of disunion. In what form did it appear? In General Jackson's time they attempted to nullify an act of Congress; an act which you had all joined to pass, and which one State claimed to be its injury. How did General Jackson treat it? Was that his sort of Union? No! He said he would hang the traitors as high as Haman. There was disunion attempted. We have since seen Resolutions of Legislatures, and messages of Governors, all proclaiming and recommending it as a necessity. We have seen States engaging

to combine for this purpose; and now will any man say there is no danger of that sort which we ought to watch? I think it is a danger against which we ought to guard. We ought to look to it. We ought to put power into the hands of no party that might be tempted to use it for such a purpose. Gen. Washington said the people of the United States ought to frown upon the first dawning of everything like disunion. That is the substance of what he said.

It frowns out pretty boldly in the time of Gen. Jackson. He was a man of will—a patriot I will say—and he put it down. It has been gathering strength ever since. It has been, as I say, meeting in Conventions; it has been made the subject of messages by Governors, and of co-operation between States. You don't want any such result. You would oppose any such result. I hope so. I am sure you would. Kentucky was not brought up to such treason. I was a man of five and twenty or thirty years of age before I ever heard disunion talked about. It was a scandal in life that nobody uttered—nobody thought of—that nobody ventured to talk of. Gen. Washington the Moses of our land, he thought of it, and he said, frown on the first dawning of it—crush out that sentiment. You will know how to apply all this. You will know how to act upon it better than I can teach you.

Mr. C. then, in a few words, painted a bright picture of universal liberty as the result of our caring for the Union, and urged his hearers to come up to the support of the Bell and Everett ticket. After thanking his hearers for their attention, he withdrew, while cheers greeted him on all sides.

The Cotton Trade.

The New York Shipping List of the 22d ultimo, in commenting upon the recently published record of the cotton crop, for the year ending August 31st, 1860, makes the following remarks:

Eight or nine States of the Union are now engaged in cultivating the staple, and notwithstanding that for the twelve months under review the crop was the greatest on record, we have the most satisfactory evidence that the demand and consumption at home, is at least keeping pace with, if not exceeding the capacity for production. A retrospective glance at the trade, back to about the period when it was first deemed to be of sufficient importance to merit an annual statement, shows that the staple has been gradually increasing in almost geometrical progression, and there is certainly nothing in the circumstance of manufacture and consumption to-day, on either side of the Atlantic, to discourage the belief that the increase is to continue in the same proportion for the future. Great Britain, the greatest manufacturing nation in the world, is multiplying her mills and spindles, and annually increasing her already enormous investments in that species of enterprise. Hence, last year, the Manchester and Liverpool people took from us 659,180 bales more than they ever accepted of us before. In France, likewise, the fostering care which the leading industrial interests of the country are receiving at the hands of the present Government, has had the effect to give a new spur to the cotton, as well as other manufactures; and, accordingly, our tables show 138,801 bales of the raw material in excess of the previous season. Throughout Germany and the North of Europe, the unsettled aspect of political relations, with the consequent depression of general trade, and the emigration of a class of population best adapted to the successful development of a successful manufacturing system, have operated to some extent advantageously, and we are not surprised to note, therefore, a falling off of about 35,000 bales from the aggregate taken for consumption there in 1858-59. Another feature which will arrest attention, is the rapid increase of the home consumption, a circumstance which certainly tells well for the progress and prosperity of American manufactures, in the face of the sharp foreign competition, to which many of the leading branches are still supposed to be subject.

The increase is as noticeable in the Southern as in the Northern States—though, from many causes which it is unnecessary to specify here the rate of augmentation is much greater in the latter than in the former. The interest of the cotton-growing States, as regards the future, would seem to be promoted by gradually bringing a greater surface of land under cultivation, to demonstrate to the European consumers that the advantages of the Southern States of the Union, whether as regards soil, climate, labor or facilities of transportation, are so far superior to those of Africa or India, that the endeavor to raise up rival sources of supply in the remote semi-barbarous and insalubrious regions, can only be contemplated in the light of a hopeless experiment. The Northern members of the confederacy, at the same time, it seems to us, must recognize their interest in encouraging manufacture, and increasing the value of the home market to the planter. This magnificent cotton trade, with the vast and varied interests, commercial, political and social, which cluster around, and radiate it, has been in times past, and doubtless will be again, the main prop and pillar of our commercial and financial credit as a nation. But for the bountiful crop last year, it is scarcely necessary to say, there would have been a serious balance of trade against us to-day, which the harvests of the West, luxuriant as they are, would not have sufficed to adjust. If we take for an estimate the average value of \$50 per bale, that of crop must be worth \$233,788,500, of which \$187,208,650 came out of European pockets. Then it is difficult to estimate the extent to which the shipping interests of New England and the North are indebted to the same trade for the comparative prosperity which happily is now falling to their share, while but little account at all can be taken of the facilities it affords, in a variety of ways, for the profitable employment of capital, and for enabling thousands and thousands of the operative class among us, to provide the means of subsistence.

IREDELL EXPRESS



EUGENE B. DRAKE & SON,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

STATESVILLE,

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1860.

Our Terms.

"THE IREDELL EXPRESS" is published upon the following terms, from which there will be no deviation: Subscribers therefor will govern themselves accordingly: One year, if paid in advance, \$2.00; If paid within 3 months, 2.50; If paid within 6 months, 3.00; If not paid till the end of the subscription year, 3.00.

Nominees of the Union Convention!

For President:

HON. JOHN BELL,

OF TENNESSEE.

For Vice-President:

EDWARD EVERETT,

OF MASSACHUSETTS.

Electors for President & Vice-President.

For the State at Large:

Hon. Geo. E. Badger, of Wake.

Dr. R. K. Speed, of Pasquotank.

Districts:

1 Dist. J. W. Hinton, of Pasquotank.

2 do Chas. C. Clark, of Craven.

3 do O. H. Dockery, of Richmond.

4 do L. C. Edwards, of Granville.

5 do Alfred G. Foster, of Randolph.

6 do Henry Walker, of Davidson.

7 do Wm. P. Byrnm, of Lincoln.

8 do Col. B. S. Gaither, of Burke.

FOURTH VOLUME.

"IREDELL EXPRESS"

Will enter upon the Fourth Volume on the 1st December next. For three years have we toiled to make the "EXPRESS" an interesting vehicle of intelligence and recreation to its many readers, how well we have succeeded remains for its patrons to judge. While many Journals have started into existence in various portions of the country, maintained a feeble existence for a season, and went out, the "EXPRESS" has been regular in its appearance each week and greeted our patrons with its sunny countenance. That we have felt short of our duties in some respects, would not be truthful to deny, but in the main, we have fulfilled all that was promised by us in our first issue, three years ago. Having grown older in years, and added to our philosophy by experience, we will be more successful in pursuing the even tenor of our way in future, and indulge the belief that by renewed diligence our efforts to publish an entertaining Journal—such an one as will be a welcome visitor to every household—will be crowned with success.

The Express will ever continue an advocate of the best interests of the State, and of the Union of the States.

So long as the Rights of all the States are regarded by the General Government, during our control of its columns.

LITERATURE, POLITICS, and Miscellaneous reading, will appear each week in our pages as hitherto.

Job Office

attached to our establishment has been replenished, recently, with new Materials, and in completeness is second to none in the State for turning out any description of Printing. The price of the Paper as heretofore will be, \$2 a year in advance.

Hon. J. M. Leach's Appointments.

Jefferson, Saturday, Oct. 20th.

Alleghany C. H., Alleghany, Monday, Oct. 22d.

Hamptonville, Thursday, Oct. 25.

East-Bend, Yorkin Co., Friday, Oct. 26.

Richmond, Yorkin Co., Saturday, Oct. 27.

Francisco, Stokes, Monday, Oct. 28th.

Wentworth, Rockingham, (court-week) Tuesday, Oct. 30th.

Walnut Cove, Stokes, Thursday, Nov. 1st.

Kernersville, Friday, Nov. 2d.

Thomasville, Davidson, Saturday, Nov. 3d.

Lexington, Monday, Nov. 5th.

Rev. The Synod of North Carolina will meet in Statesville on October 24th. The opening sermon will be preached by Rev. F. K. Nash.

Concert in Prospective.

We are informed that there is to be a Concert at the College in this place, on the evening of Wednesday or Thursday, during the meeting of Synod. The Teachers and young ladies are preparing it with special reference to the entertainment of the members, all of whom, together with the Trustees, and the parents of the young ladies are to be invited. The size of the Chapel renders it impossible to extend the invitations without some limit.

Washington Post.

Mr. A. B. Chapin, has removed from Goldsboro' to Washington, N. C., and with the materials upon which the "Independent" was printed has commenced the publication of the "WASHINGTON POST," a Bell and Everett sheet.

The Post will be ably conducted, and we wish Mr. Chapin unlimited success. Washington can now boast of three as able papers as are issued in the State: Post, DISPATCH, and TIMES, all for Bell and Everett.

Success to you all, gentlemen.

The University Magazine

For October is on our table. The contents are unusually able and interesting. A portrait upon steel of Hon. W. A. Graham, one of North Carolina's gifted sons, is an appropriate ornament to the work, with a sketch of his life.

Price of the Magazine \$2.

Tuesday morning, 14th instant, there was a killing white frost in this place, the first to produce falling effect upon vegetation this fall.

We tender thanks to the Executive Committee, through Mr. J. C. Sloan, Esq., for a free ticket admitting us "to all the privileges of the Eastern Central Fair" to be held at Goldsboro', commencing Oct. 23d.

Grand Mass Meeting in Statesville.

This great outpouring of the people came off on Tuesday last and was every way worthy of the cause of the Union, so dear to every true patriot. The day was ushered in by the discharge of 33 guns at sunrise, one for each State composing the Federal Union, under the direction of Maj. T. J. Pond. The immense concourse assembled at the grove of the Presbyterian Church, at 1 o'clock, a large number of ladies gracing the scene with their presence, when Hon. Z. B. Vance, of Asheville, was introduced from the stand and delivered one of the most forcible speeches upon existing parties, the present deplorable condition of the country, and the objects of the Secessionists to dissolve the Union, which it has yet been our privilege to hear. Mr. Vance spoke for three hours and five minutes and was heard with rapt attention, with repeated cheering, by those present. We will attempt to give no report of Mr. Vance's able and comprehensive address, which was delivered with great power and eloquence, such as he is master of, and which must have carried conviction to the heart of every listener, persuading all to sustain the Union which has conferred so many blessings by voting for BELL and EVERETT.

As a debater, logician, orator, Mr. Vance, even now will take rank with that brilliant genius whose eloquence from the forum and in the halls of Legislation led captive admiring thousands—who in his lifetime, stood without a peer in oratory—Hon. S. S. Prentiss.

No wonder the Mountain District delights to honor her gifted son. When Mr. Vance had concluded his speech, the scene was varied by the roar of cannon, and parading the streets with a car representing the Union and drawn by a team, upon the sides of which were inscribed patriotic and suitable mottoes and decorated with flags—keeping time to the music of a large Band, which was suspended inside.

At early candle lighting several hundred ladies and gentlemen assembled in Stockton Hall, to hear an address from Dr. J. G. Ramsey, of Rowan upon the political condition of the country. Dr. Ramsey is a graceful speaker, logical reasoner, fluent and invincible in his argument and with so grand a subject as the American Union for a theme, he made a profound impression upon the minds of his auditory—who manifested their feelings in rounds of approbation.

At the conclusion of Dr. Ramsey's remarks Mr. Vance was vociferously called for and although laboring under severe hoarseness, he addressed the house in a happy vein and great humor, eliciting rapturous applause. Irredell will do her whole duty on Tuesday, 6th day of November next.

Democratic Electors at Statesville.

Tuesday of last week, H. P. Dick, Esq., Douglas, and Mr. Clements, Breckinridge Electors, made speeches to a large throng, chiefly Bell men, at the Court-House, in this place. Mr. Dick opened the debate and Mr. Clements replied.

We had but a few moments to devote to hearing the gentlemen. Mr. Dick is an eloquent debater, and we learn from his friends that he made a capital speech in defense of a strong light for the Presidency. Mr. Clements, it is said by his friends, did the same for Mr. Breckinridge. It is reported that both gentlemen handled each other's party with gloves off—but which got the best of the fight we do not know—rather think, however, that Mr. Dick bore off the laurel.

Mr. Douglas, doubtless, has many sympathizers among the Union-loving men of Irredell, on account of his recently expressed strong Union sentiments, who cannot vote for him in this election, because Mr. Bell, their first choice, is in the field—and him they prefer at this crisis to all others.

State Mass-Meeting at Salisbury.

The Mass Meeting held by the Union party at Salisbury last week was largely attended and the greatest enthusiasm prevailed. Many thousands were present from all portions of the State to participate in the reunion of Constitutional loving men who met to pledge themselves to the support of BELL and EVERETT, the Constitutional Union candidates for the Presidency and Vice-Presidency. Ex-Gov. W. A. Graham, Hon. Z. B. Vance, and other distinguished champions, were present and made speeches to the assembled thousands.

Col. B. S. Gaither in the place of Gen. R. M. Henry.

Gen. R. M. Henry, the Elector on the Bell and Everett ticket for the 8th District, having resigned in consequence of indisposition and inability to conduct the canvass, Col. B. S. Gaither, of Burke county has been appointed in his stead.

Bell and Everett Poles.

The Bell and Everett Club of Statesville on Monday night last raised a Union Pole in the centre of the Public Square, reaching an altitude of near one hundred feet, from the apex of which floats the Flag of the Union representing all the States. The pole was obtained and brought to town by J. C. Barkly, Esq., one of the staunchest Bell and Everett men in Irredell.

Why Toombs Oppose Bell.

The National American says: It is reported that in one or more of his speeches in favor of the Disunion candidates for President and Vice-President of the United States, Senator Toombs was particularly bitter against Mr. Bell. We did not at the time understand it, and could not imagine why the Georgia Senator should have been so severe. But the record divulges the secret. In a debate which involved some incidents connected with the passage of the Kansas-Nebraska bill, it seems that Toombs accused Mr. Bell of being the ally of the Abolitionists, because he voted against that bill. In his reply Mr. Bell used the following scathing language: (See Congressional Globe, vol. 25, 1st Session, 33d Congress, page 944, May 25, 1854.)

"The honorable Senator from Georgia, in the course of his remarks yesterday, thought proper to declare that I had become the ally of the Abolitionists of the North. I have this to say to the Senator in reply—if the honorable Senator means to say that in voting against the Nebraska bill, in company with the Abolitionists, I was their ally—only of the shallowest and lowest demagogue. If he meant to say that I had become the ally of the Abolitionists of the North, in sympathy,

feeling, or by any concerted arrangement, then I have to pronounce, that he stated what he knew to be false."

Read, Union Men!

At a meeting of the BELL and EVERETT Clubs of Statesville, held at the Court-House, Saturday evening last, the following resolution was adopted:

Resolved, That every Union-man in Irredell, consider himself as belonging to some one of the Bell and Everett Clubs of the County, and each one is enjoined, to use his active exertions to promote the cause of the Union candidates from now till the Sixth day of November, and on that day, by attending the polls himself and persuading and aiding all Union men to attend and vote for BELL and EVERETT—vote for the Union, the Constitution and the Laws.

Bear it in mind that the Presidential Election will take place TUESDAY, the 6th day of November.

Bell and Everett Club.

On Tuesday evening the 9th October, a meeting of the friends of Bell and Everett, the Candidates of the Constitutional Union Party, was held in the Court-House, in Statesville.

On motion of Capt. A. K. Simonton, the meeting was organized by electing Dr. B. Parks, Chairman and Wm. H. Sanford and W. Pitt Drake, Secretaries. L. Q. Sharpe, Esq., in a brief manner explained the object of the meeting to be the formation of a BELL and EVERETT CLUB.

The friends of the Union who had assembled were fortunate in having the pleasure of listening to the opinions of the Hon. James T. Morehead, as expressed in a speech worthy of the cause that elicited it—the Union—and his own well established reputation as an able speaker. The call upon him was unexpected, but notwithstanding he has long held himself aloof from political discussions, he could not refuse the request of his Whig friends in Irredell, a county that ever responds when Guilford calls. Mr. Morehead was listened to with marked attention and excited frequent applause.

A call for Hon. N. Boyden was responded to in his own peculiarly forcible and independent manner. Mr. Boyden, unlike many public speakers, who engage in political discussions, took a bold and independent stand for what he considers right, and leaves no provisos behind which to take refuge should the people fail to endorse his positions. He declared himself unequivocally in favor of the Union, the Constitution and the Enforcement of the Laws, in the event of Lincoln's election, which he regarded as one of the worst curses that could be visited upon the nation. Mr. Boyden was heartily applauded during and at the close of his speech.

The meeting proceeded to the organization of a BELL and EVERETT CLUB, by the election of W. P. Caldwell, President; Dr. H. Kelly, H. Reynolds, Dr. W. M. Campbell and Col. J. P. McCorkle, Vice-Presidents; and Wm. H. Sanford and W. Pitt Drake, Secretaries. In the absence of the Pres't the first Vice-President, Dr. H. Kelly, took the chair.

The following resolutions were submitted to the Club and unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That Col. A. Mitchell, A. K. Simonton, W. P. Caldwell, L. Q. Sharpe, F. D. Stockton, R. M. Allison and A. B. F. Gaither be appointed Sub-Electors for this county.

Resolved, That the Club meet on next Saturday night, and that A. K. Simonton, F. D. Stockton and E. B. Drake be appointed a committee to draft rules and regulations for the government of the Club, and report at that time.

On motion of L. Q. Sharpe, the following resolution was adopted:

Resolved, That all the members of this Club consider themselves delegates to the State Mass Meeting to be held in Salisbury this week.

On motion, Club adjourned.

Dr. H. KELLY, President.

Wm. H. SANFORD, Secretary.

W. PITT DRAKE, Secretary.

A Letter from Illinois.

LA PRairie, Ill., Sept. 29, 1860.

MEANS. Editors—We are beginning to be reminded of the approach of Winter by the cold northerly winds and cool nights, and are now making up frequent visits, and the husbandmen are fitting up their coal bins and making their wood houses and wood piles more extensive.

Our very extensive crops of corn, are now quite out of danger of the early frost, much to the satisfaction of the farmers, who have labored hard during the summer and now see the fruits of their industry profusely scattered over the broad prairie. Our traders, have nearly or quite bought out the State of Missouri—the Railroads are daily burdened with cattle and hogs, which are being brought into this State to be fattened for market or fed through the winter. This is indeed the Egypt of America, at present. Corn is selling for 15 to 20 cents per bushel, and from six to ten dollars per acre, standing in the fields.

The people seem to have quite forgotten everything but politics. The Democrats and Republicans are both striving with might and main to carry this State. You have no idea to what extent they carry things here; it is said that they far exceed the times of log-cabin and hard cider, in 1840. The men, women and children all turn out, under their respective banners and mottoes—and by this means they swell their gatherings to immense numbers, so that they have to compute them by acres and miles. You of the South have but little idea what enthusiasm prevails here; all are politicians, from the baby child to the hoary headed veteran.

It is to be hoped that the Southern States will make a "long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together" for Bell and Everett, against the fanatics, Abolitionists and all other isms and elements throughout the whole Union.

With them, we have hope, without them we have none! The Union party are gaining ground here at the very threshold of Douglas and Lincoln.

From information received through the public prints and also from a gentleman just returned from Missouri, there seems to be no doubt that the State going decidedly for Bell and Everett.

I see the Republicans have about given up the idea of carrying the State of New York. They now say they think they will be safe if they can get Pennsylvania; I suppose they will be like the blacksmith, who failed to make the axe and finally concluded that he could make a six and three in the slaugth. I hope it will all turn out to be a great success.

I hope N. C. will never let it be said that she failed to give her support to the Union ticket, in such perilous times as at present. Patriotism is worth something these days, in the days of the Revolution. That man may well be deemed a patriot, who can forego party and be for right.

We are informed by public rumor, that some thirteen thousand Mormons are preparing to return to Nauvoo, in an adjoining county of Hancock, but they will not be permitted to do so, the people of Hancock have held public meetings and resolved to resist them.

Judge Douglas is to be in Chicago on the 5th, and W. H. Seward on the 2nd, proximo. On Tuesday next, during the time of our

county fair, the Democrats have a protracted meeting, at Quincy, at which some dozen or more of the big-guns of Missouri and Illinois, are to be present. No doubt they expect to make quite an accession to the church.

J. M. A. D.

Startling Development.

We are informed that two men named Hittinger, rather and son, were apprehended at Olin, Marlboro' District, on Thursday, and were taken to Bennettsville. Their trunks were searched, and disclosed the nefarious purpose of tampering with slaves, and of putting arms in their hands. It is thought they were executed yesterday morning at Bennettsville.

A box filled with pistols, directed to them, has been seized at Florence. Their correspondence showed further that 1,200 arms were to be delivered to them at Wilmington, N. C.

Southern Guardian.

Carrying the Thing a Little too Far.

Observation of the miserable band played by the Raleigh Standard during the present campaign has been, from the very outset, a source of regret to us, to say the least; and we have recently been still more surprised and pained to see that it has undertaken to involve Free-Masonry and anti-Free-Masonry in this political fight by referring to Mr. Everett's position, taken in years gone by, wherein he, Mr. Everett, intimated that Morgan's death was accomplished and concealed by Masons. Wonder the Standard has not paraded the fact that Mr. Breckinridge has taken the highest degree in Masonry that can be conferred in this country?

Now we pretend to support Mr. Breckinridge and fight Mr. Everett, politically in a political contest, but we cannot refrain from condemning this late maneuver of the Standard. Does it think that Masons are a set of idiots—to be led this way and that way by outsiders? Does it believe that the Masons of this country are incapable of attending to their own business, or are too ignorant to be acquainted with their own men and history of yesterday? How different and how much better it would be if all men could but feel their duty to form their actions by the square.

Tarboro', Mercury.

Drowned.

A sad accident occurred on South river, near J. C. Ford's Mill, last Monday evening, between sun-down and dark, resulting in the death of Jesse Watkins, aged about 50 years, and John Watkins, his nephew, aged about 17 years. They came to the Ferry, in company with three others. All wanted to cross. They found at their command a light bateau, and the deceased, with one other, Lewis Watkins, got into it. Jesse was intoxicated, and seated himself on the edge of the little boat, which tilted until it dipped water. They had all been drinking, and Jesse was too far gone to heed a warning. They pushed out into the river, and had gone but a few yards when the boat swamped, and Jesse and John were drowned. Liquor the prime cause. John was raised from his watery grave with a bottle of liquor in his pocket. Lewis swam to the shore.—Salisbury Watchman.

Lincoln's Policy.

A dispatch to the Charleston Mercury of Oct. 11th, from Washington, says:

Wm. H. Seward has declared that Lincoln will, if elected to the Presidential chair, immediately issue an address to the people of the United States, setting forth his views of policy, more especially in relation to the South.—In this way Lincoln hopes to quiet the fears of the South, and to prevent the secession of a single State.

The greatest excitement prevails here, owing to the Black Republican triumph in Pennsylvania. The Lincoln men of this city are to have a grand demonstration in honor of their victory in Pennsylvania, which they consider decisive. Should the turnout be guilty of any breach of decorum, serious difficulties are anticipated.

What is Wanted.

The day of the Presidential election is now near at hand, and every Union man should ask himself whether he has discharged his whole duty to his country, up to this date, and if he cannot answer in the affirmative, let him work earnestly during the next four and a half weeks and thus partially atone for past remissness. There is scarcely a man in the party who cannot win a vote for the Union ticket, and a little exertion, by individuals, in their daily social intercourse, will secure for Bell and Everett an overwhelming majority. Our speakers are doing good service in their department, but we want workers—men who will reason with their neighbors in the field, in the workshop, and by their firesides. This is the sort of work that tells, and every man who shrinks from it, shrinks from an important duty. Then go at it, every one, resolved not to rest until the close of the ballot box, and a glorious victory will reward their labor. So says the Richmond "Whig." And so we

